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THE
PICTURE GIFT;
OR, A
PRESENT FROM PAPA.

Written by
Mr. LOVECHILD.

ADDRESSED TO ALL GOOD LITTLE MASTERS
AND YOUNG LADIES IN CHRISTENDOM.

WITH CUTS BY BEWICK.

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CRUELTY TO ANIMALS:

Exemplified in that of hunting the Cat,
in order to deter all good Boys from
such inhuman practices.

(5)

THE
PICTURE GIFT.

THE STORY OF LITTLE GEORGE.



A Little Boy, called George, was
very fond of walking in a

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wood that bordered on his father's garden : now this wood was formed of little trees, placed very near each other, and two paths conducting through it, crossed. One day as he was fauntering up and down with his bow and arrows, an exercise in which he took great delight, he



wished to rest himself a little, with his back supported by a tree, whose stem was as yet quite slender, and which therefore shook through all

its branches, when his back first touched it. As it chanced, the rustling frightened a poor little bird,



which therefore issued from a neighbouring bush, and flew away.

George saw it, and was grieved. He fixed his eyes upon the bush, to see if it would not return: and while he was attentively considering it, he thought he saw among the

branches, at a spot where they were twisted one into another, something like a tuft of hay. His curiosity induced him to draw nearer, and examine it. He found this tuft of hay was hollow like a porringer: he thrust aside the branches, and saw certain little balls within it, of an oval shape, and spotted. They were placed beside each other, on a layer of grass. Sure this, said George, must be what I have heard some people call a bird's nest; and the balls are eggs. They are indeed quite little, but the bird is not so big as any of our hens.

It was his first design to bear away the nest; however, upon second thoughts, he was contented with one egg alone: and having taken it, ran

home. He met his sister by the way, and thus addressed her : “ See this little egg. I found it in a nest :



there were five others with it.”—
 “ Let me have it in my hand ;” said George’s sister. She examines it, returns it to her brother, and then asks a second time to have it. In the end, they roll it up and down just as if it were a ball. One

shoves it one way, and the other pushes it another way, till, in the midst of their diversion, they broke it. They cry, mutually accuse each other as the cause of such a great misfortune, and went home.

As it chanced, their father hears them thus complaining; and not knowing why they wept, a-proaches

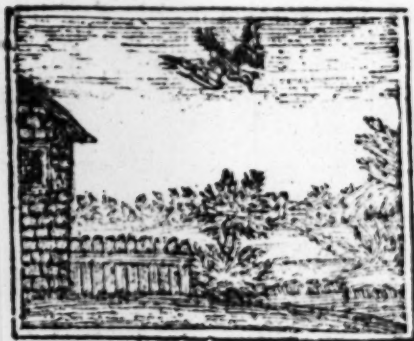


to console them. Both begin at once. He hears their different sto-

ries, and then began with them thus. "Be comforted, dear children. That you have broke the egg between you both, is truly a misfortune; but 'tis one, however, that should not much grieve you, since you did not mean to do so. I might, notwithstanding, blame you, George, with justice, for the act of having brought it from the nest — You must have seen hens' eggs disposed of in a sort of nest. The mother sits on, warms and animates them. Chickens in about three weeks are formed within them, and they pierce the shell. In some few days, they come and feed out of your hand. This egg would also have become a sort of chick, which you have killed by bringing it away. The bird that flew out of the bush, as you inform me, was the mother.—

Doubtless she will come again, and very shortly, to her nest: she will perceive one egg is wanting, and perhaps forsake it altogether. This is frequently the case.

“ Perhaps this loss of but a single egg, informs them their asylum is discovered; they have every thing to be afraid of from our violence; they



guess that when their little ones are hatched, he that has already robbed

them, will return and seize upon their tender family. If then this nest you have been thus robbing, as I must call it, should be totally abandoned—tell me, would you not be sorry for it?”

Yes, papa, indeed, replied the little George; and I am sorry I laid hands upon the egg; but then I did not know a syllable of what you have been telling us; and thought no harm in bringing it to show my sister, which is all I meant to do.

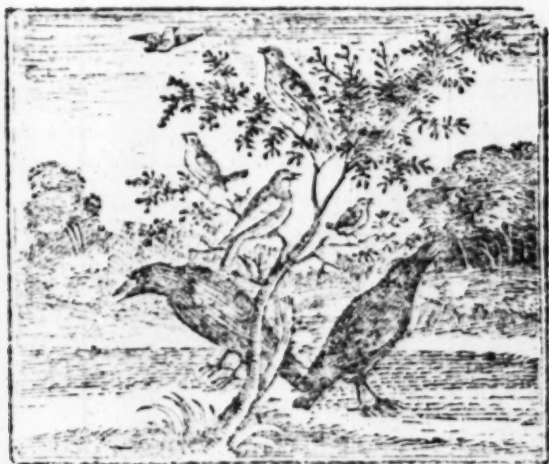
My little fellow, I can easily believe you, said his father. Should you fight or do bad actions, (as is exhibited to you by the picture in the next page) for the pleasure some suppose there is in doing them, you would in that case have a very wicked heart, and I should be quite

sorry I had such a son: but that I do not fear; for on the other hand, I know you are a special good boy."



Father, began the little girl, the nest, for I have seen it, out of which my brother took this egg, does not resemble in the least those swallow's nests we see about our out-house roof. Henrietta, said the father, every nest is not alike; nor yet is

every bird alike ; for some are great and others, on the other hand, but little. Some are never known to



perch on trees, and others live at all times in them. Some are large and stupid, others small and full of industry and cunning. Some are beautiful beyond description in their plu-

mage, which has half a dozen colours ; others are of one dull colour. Some subsist on fruits, some go in quest of insects, and a multitude of others seize on smaller birds, and eat them.



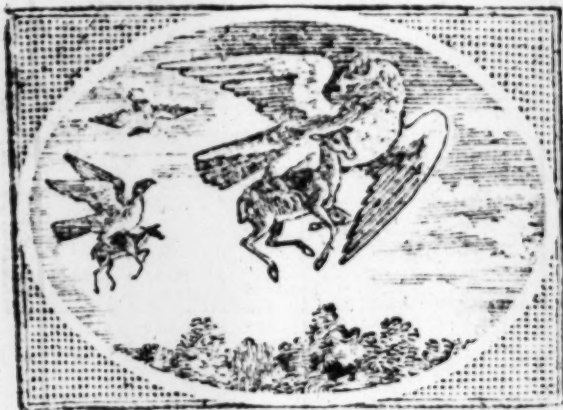
Ah the wicked creatures ! answered Henrietta, I don't love these last, and should be glad to spoil their

nefts. So too would many others, replied the father; and therefore those great birds that constantly devour the less, contruct their



nefts in places where they cannot easily be come at; as for instance, in woods and in the holes of rocks,

where men appear but very seldom ;
 and at heights beyond our reach,
 however skilful we may be in
 climbing. Therefore, my dearest
 children, since these birds are greatly
 different from each other, not only in
 size but also in their way of life, and
 in the colour of their feathers, 'tis but
 reasonable they should have nests



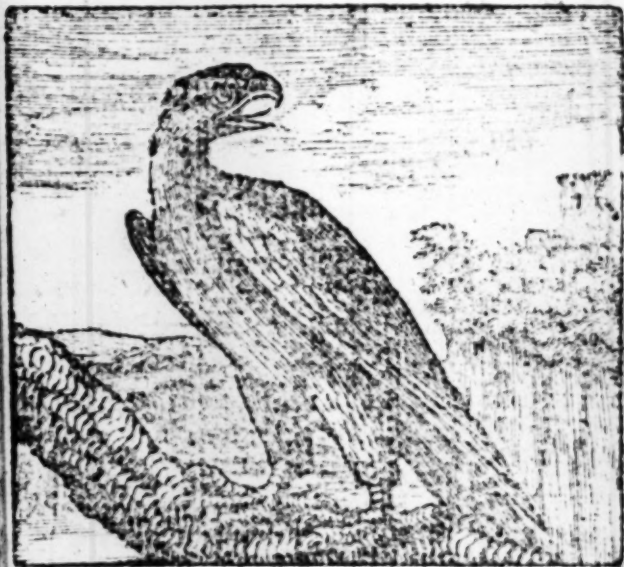
different also from each other.—
 Thus the Congar, one of the largest

birds known, never lives in any tree, but constructs her nest on the tops of the rocks; whence she flies down to the vallies, and carries away young deer, lambs, sheep, and other



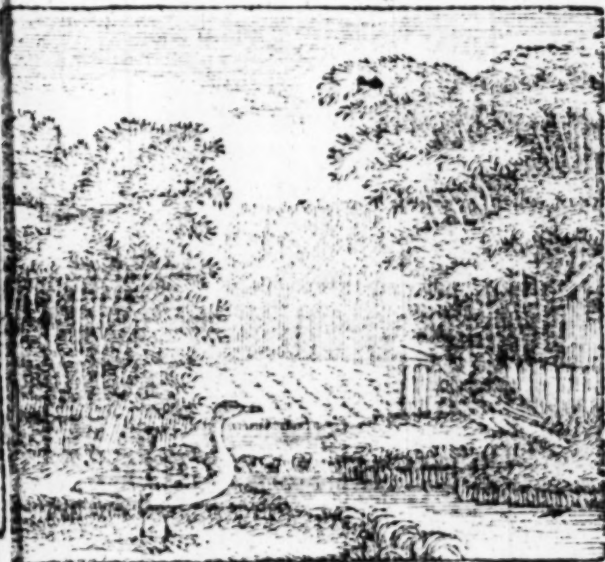
animals to feed her young. The owl, that people only hear by night,

seeks out deserted habitations, of some hollow tree to put her eggs in; and the eagle that I showed you yesterday, at Mr. Maser's, in his



court-yard, chained, while others of his species fly above the clouds till

they are absolutely out of sight, bring forth their young ones in the cliffs of craggy rocks. Those living round about us, make their nests in trees and hedges. Those

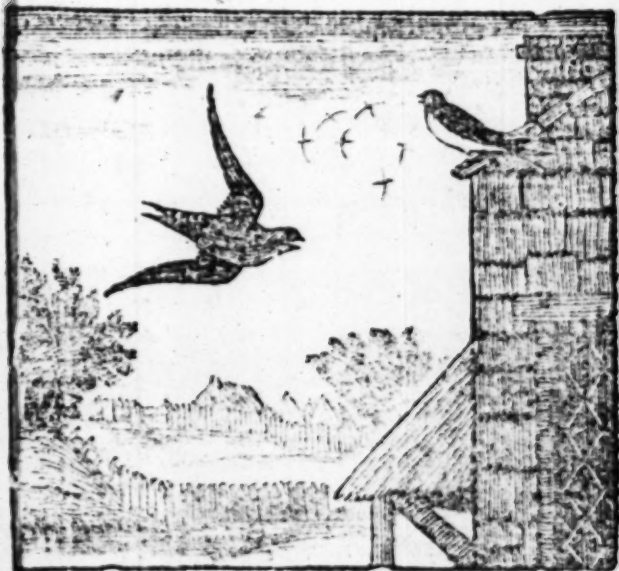


that love the water, and who find the food therein, build theirs among

the rushes that grow near it, upon little islands, and at times upon the shore itself.

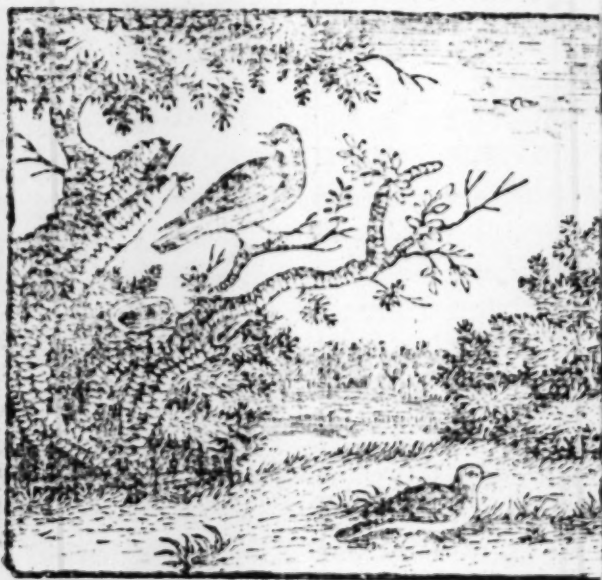
If, one of these days, we go into the little valley terminating our large meadow, we shall see a number of these creatures busy in selecting the materials they compose their nests of. One you will observe employed in carrying off a wheaten straw; another will have in his beak some wool or feathers, or dried leaves; and very probably a third some moss.—The swallow moistens with the water which he takes up in his beak, a little bit of earth, with which he builds his habitation. Such materials as are very coarse and solid, he will take to form the outside of his nest, but lines it with the softest and the warmest. Nay, there are some

birds who pull out their own feathers
to make up that comfortable bed
their little ones repose on.



They construct large nests, or
small ones in proportion to the
number of young ones they are to

hatch within them. Some will hang their nests up by a sort of threads which thread they have the skill to form of flax, of different sorts



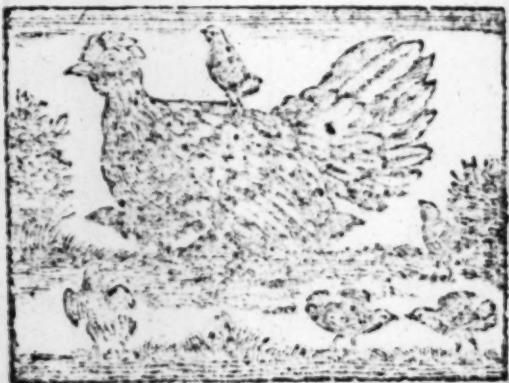
of weed, and of the webs of spiders. Others place it in the middle of a

soft and gluey substance, whereunto they carefully stick many feathers. All do every thing they can to make it strong and solid, and secure themselves from every enemy they stand in fear of, by resorting to retired and solitary places.

It is there they lay their eggs — The mother, and at times the father, sit upon them in the nest, with admirable perseverance. — They are taught by nature, that the warmth proceeding from their body, when they sit upon their eggs, puts every thing within them into motion; and produces little creatures, that at last are strong enough to break the shell that holds them, and come forth.

You must have often seen a fly in winter, to appearance dead. You took it in your hands, and through

the warmth proceeding from them, it was brought to life. 'Tis nearly thus with birds : the perseverance of the parents, when they brood upon their eggs, converts them into living creatures.

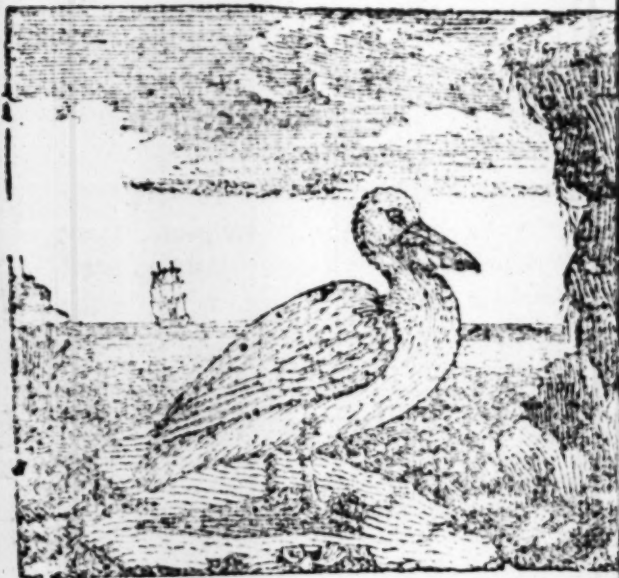


When the mother sits alone, the cock will bring her victuals, and sit by to please her with his music.—
When the little ones are once alive,

they help them to get clear of their confinement in the egg. Their diligence is now redoubled ; they do every thing to nourish and defend them, and are constantly employed in such an interesting office. They go far indeed to get their food, and make an equal distribution of it, every one receiving in its turn what they have brought. As long as they are very young and helpless, they contrive to bring them victuals suited to their delicacy ; but when once they are grown strong and older, they provide them solidier food.

There is one, and that a very large one, called a Pelican, who being forced to go great distances in quest of victuals for her young ones, is provided with a sort of bag. She fills it with such aliments as she is sensible they love : she warms what she procures, and renders it by such

means fitter for their tender stomachs
she returns, and empties it before
them.



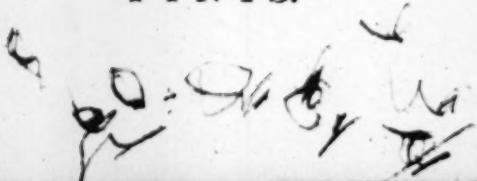
In this state of being parents
they appear as if forgetting they want,

food themselves, and only think upon their little family. If either rain or tempests come, they hurry to their nests, and cover it as well as they are able with their out-stretched wings ; so keeping out the wind and water that might hurt the brood. All night, too, they are busy in the work of cherishing the little things. The fearfullest among them, that will fly away if they but hear the slightest noise, and tremble at the least degree of danger, know not what fear is when they have once a family to care for, but become courageous and intrepid : as for instance, the common hen. So too do the little birds endeavour to defend their young, when any one would steal or hurt them.

Poor dear birds ! cried out the children, how we will in future love you ! never for the time to come, de-

pend upon it, will we be so cruel as to do you any harm. We will look only at your nests; we will be satisfied with gazing on you, while employed in the delightful task, of tending your young, and contemplate your little family, all flying round their parents. Yes, dear children, said their father, thus it should be. Keep your resolution as you ought, and I shall love you for it. Never injure any creature or occasion it the least degree of pain for pleasure's sake: on saying which, the father embraced his dear children, who were pleased with what he had informed them.

FINIS.



To all pretty little Boys and Girls,

At the place where this Book was bought may
be had the following :

Whittington and his Cat ; Goody Two Shoes ;
Tommy Two Shoes ; Riddle Book ; Robinson
Cruiser ; Babes in the Wood ; Robin Hood ;
Cock Robin ; Cinderella ; House that Jack
Built ; Sister's Gift ; Fables ; Enchanted
Castle ; Giant Grumbo ; History of Tom
Thumb ; History of Little Robin ; Golden
Plaything ; Serious Address ; and Cate-
chisms—One Penny each.

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Robinson Crusoe ; Philip Quarl ; Pleasing
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Canary Bird ; Tales of Past Times by Mother
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the Wood—Sixpence each.

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